

# KRS-One Lyrics

"Rappaz R. N. Dainja"

[Verse 1:]

Blastmaster Kris I don't talk ish  
Expand your consciousness and dismiss foolishness  
No one is new to this or new to Kris  
In hip-hop's atomic structure, I am the nucleus  
That is the center of the group we/us  
they/them/you, every squad every massive every crew  
Dental floss is lost when a true rapper jumps off  
The cash is incidental but not mental distract you off course  
The style that I am kickin is like chicken  
It will be bitten, rewritten, then performed for a \$25 admission  
Reviewed in The Source  
You will listen then find somethin missin of course... it's skills  
That's what you're fishin for, it's lost  
I'm gettin too explicit, the track jingles  
I won't do a wack album then remix it for my single  
Kickin rhymes til I wrinkle, and my brown eyes twinkle  
God called hip-hop for the nine-cinco

[Verse 2:]

Tasty like a souffle french croissant on Tuesday  
Rappers be boo-tay  
Goo-fy that's how they crew stay  
Bitin whatever you say to boost they ego  
We know the steelo, your whole character is foul  
Makes me want to shoot a free throw, BLAOWW  
From the git go, no, get go, my flow hits low  
Wherever all the dope shit go, there's where my shit go  
Bee-dee-bee-bo, skank, I think  
Self with ya groups everyone else and the bank  
Others like to bring the shottie to the party  
I bring knowledge of self, you cure the mind, you cure the body  
Some rappers like to come to the party, hopin to leave with somebody  
check, I come with skills and I leave with your motherfuckin respect  
Ahh yeah... so check, UH!

[Verse 3:]

New types of verbal hip-hop I bring  
When you know you can sing BOY you know you can sing  
I do not clutter up the airwaves, with stacks of useless facts  
MC's trying to be macks, but acts like ignorant blacks  
Freak that, I'll snap your back as it cracks  
you will experience, loss or lack of balance  
Stop the violence, fry from week to week like an allowance  
All of you are cowards hiding behind the mask of MC  
I remember, thinkin back to eighty-three  
No video, no you had to be a real live MC  
Now you younguns grow up buggin, any new jock you're huggin  
weak production, let me tell you somethin  
Any MC can battle for glory

But to kick a dope rhyme to wake up your people's another story  
Act like you never saw me  
Cause when it comes to lyrics, I'm in a different category

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